To urge the thing held as a ceremony:
Nerriſſa teaches me what to beleeve,
Ile die for't, but ſome woman had the Ring.
Baſſ. No by my honour Madam, by my ſoule
No woman had it, but a Civill Doctor,
Which did refuſe three thouſand Ducats of me,
And begg'd the Ring, the which I did denie him,
And ſuffered him to go diſpleaſd away,
Even he that had held up the very life
Of my deere friend. What ſhould I ſay ſweet Lady,
I was inforc'd to ſend it after him,
I was beſet with ſhame and courteſie,
My honour would not let ingratitude
So much beſmere it: pardon me good Lady,
For by theſe bleſſed candles of the night,
Had you been there, I thinke you would have begg'd
The Ring of me to give the worthy Doctor.
Por. Let not that Doctor ere come nere my houſe,
Since he hath got the jewell that I loved,
And that which you did ſweare to keepe for me,
I will become as liberall as you,
Ile not deny him any thing I have,
No, not my body, nor my husbands bed:
Know him I ſhall, I am well ſure of it.
Lie not a night from home. Watch me like *Argus*,
If you do not, if I be left alone,
Now by mine honour, Which is yet mine owne,
Ile have that Doctor for my bedfellow.
Ner. And I his Clarke: therefore be well adviſd,
How you do leave me to mine owne protection.
Gra. Well, do you ſo: let not me take him then,
For if I do, Ile marre the young Clarks Pen.
Anth. I am the unhappy ſubject of theſe quarrels.
Por. Sir, grieve not you, you are welcome notwithſtanding.
Baſſ. Portia, forgive me this enforced wrong,
And in the hearing of theſe many friends
I ſweare to thee, even by thine own faire eyes,
Wherein I ſee my ſelfe.

Por. Marke

Por. Marke you but that;
In both mine eyes he doubly ſe
In each eye one, ſweare by you
And there's an oath of credit.
Baſſ. Nay, but heare me:
Pardon this fault, and by my fou
I never more will breake an o
Anth. I once did lend my b
Which but for him that had y
Had quite miſcarried. I dare b
My ſoule upon the forfeit, that
Will never more breake faith a
Por. Then you ſhall be his ſ
And bid him keep it better th
Anth. Here Lord *Baſſanio*, ſ
Baſſ. By heaven it is the ſam
Por. I had it of him: pardo
For by this Ring the Doctor l
Ner. And pardon me my ge
For that ſame ſcrubbed boy th
In lieu of this, laſt night did lie
Grat. Why, this is like the
In Sommer, where the wayes
What, are we Cuckolds ere w
Por. Speake not ſo groſly, y
Here is a Letter, reade it at yo
It comes from *Padua* from *B*
There you ſhall find that *Port*
Nerriſſa there her Clarke. *L*
Shall witneſſe I ſet forth as ſo
And even but now returnd: I
Entred my houſe. *Anthonio* y
And I have better newes in ſt
Then you expect: unſeale thi
There you ſhall find three of
Are richly come to harbour ſ
You ſhall not know by what
I chanced on this Letter.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Merchant of Venice* (STC 22298) LONDON, 1637 NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLA